Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - MISSOURI.

HER ATTRACTIONS.

She has no dazzling charms, no classic grace,
Nothing, you think, to win men's hearts about her;
Yet, looking at her sweet and gentle face,
I wonder what our lives would be without her!

She has no wish in the great world to shine;
For work outside a woman's sphere, no yearning;
But on the altar of home's sacred shrine
She keeps the fire of pure affection burning.

We tell our griefs into her patient ear;
She whispers: "Hope!" when ways are dark and dreary;
The little children like to have her near,
And run into her open arms when weary.

Her step falls lightly by the sufferer's bed:
Where poverty and care abound she lingers;
And many a weary heart and aching head
Find gifts of healing in her tender fingers.

She holds a helping hand to those who fall,
Which gently guides them back to paths of duty;
Her kindly eyes, with kindly looks for all,
See in uncomeliest souls some hidden beauty.

Her charity would every need embrace;
The shy and timid fear not to address her;
With loving tact she rightly fills her place,
While all who know her pray that Heaven may bless her!

—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal.

A RAID ON MELLISH.

The New City Editor's Experience with the Gamblers.

Some newspapers differ from others. One peculiarity about the Argus was the frequency with which it changed its men. Managing editors came who were going to revolutionize the world and incidentally the Argus, but they were in the habit of disappearing to give place to others who also disappeared. Newspaper men in that part of the country never considered themselves full-fledged unless they had had a turn at managing the Argus. If you asked who was at the head of the Argus the answer would very likely be: "Well, So-and-so was managing it this morning. I don't know who is running it this afternoon."

Perhaps the most weird period in the history of the Argus was when the owners imported a crank from Pittsburgh and put him in as local editor, over the heads of the city staff. His name was McCrasky, christened Angus or Archie, I forget which at this period of time. In fact, his Christian name was always a mooted point, some of the reporters saying it was Angus and others Archie, no one having the courage to ask him. Anyhow A. McCrasky was how he signed himself. He was a good man, which was rather an oddity on the staff and puzzled the reporters not a little. Most of his predecessors had differed much from each other, but they were all alike in one thing, and that was profanity. They expressed disapproval in language that made the hardened printers' towel in the composing room shrink.

McCrasky's great point was that the local pages of the paper should have a strong moral influence on the community. He knocked the sporting editor speechless by telling him that they would have no more reports of prize fights. Poor Murren went back to the local room, sat down at his table and buried his head in his hands. Every man on a local staff naturally thinks the paper is published mainly to give his department a show, and Murren considered a fight to a finish as being of more real importance to the world than a presidential election. The rest of the boys tried to cheer him up. "A fine state of things," said Murren, bitterly. "Think of the scrap next week between the California Duffer and Pigeon Billy and no report of it in the Argus! Imagine the walk-over for the other papers. What in thunder does he think people want to read?"

But there was another surprise in store for the boys. McCrasky assembled them all in his room and held forth to them. He suddenly sprung a question on the criminal reporter—so suddenly that Thompson, taken unawares, almost spoke the truth.

"Do you know of any gambling houses in this city?"

Thompson caught his breath and glanced quickly at Murren.

"No," he said at last, "I don't, but perhaps the religious editor does. Better ask him."

The religious editor smiled and removed his corncob pipe.

"There aren't any," he said. "Didn't you know it was against the law to keep a gambling house in this state? Yes, sir!" Then he put his corncob pipe back in its place.

McCrasky was pleased to see that his young men knew so little of the wickedness of a great city; nevertheless he was there to give them a pointer or two, so he said quietly:

"Certainly, it is against the law; but many things that are against the law flourish in a city like this. Now, I want you to find out before the week is past how many gambling houses there are and where they are located. When you are sure of your facts we will organize a raid and the news will very likely be exclusive, for it will be late at night and the other papers may not hear of it."

"Suppose," said the religious editor, with a twinkle in his eye, as he again removed his corncob, "that—assuming such places to exist—you found some representatives of the other papers there? They are a bad lot, the fellows on the other papers."

"If they are there," said the local editor, "they will go to prison."

"They won't mind that, if they can write something about it," said Murren, gloomily. In his opinion the Argus was going to the dogs.

"Now, Thompson," said McCrasky, "you as criminal reporter must know a lot of men who can give you pointers for a first-rate article on the evils of gambling. Get it ready for Saturday's paper—a column and a half, with scare heads. We must work up public opinion."

When the boys got back into the local room again, Murren sat with his head in his hands, while Thompson leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Work up public opinion," he said. "Mac had better work up his own knowledge of the city streets and not put Bolder avenue in the east end, as he did this morning."

The religious editor was helping himself to tobacco from Murren's drawer. "Are you going to put Mellish on his guard?" he asked Thompson.

"I don't just know what I'm going to do," said Thompson; "are you?"

"I'll think about it," replied the R. E. "Beastly poor tobacco, this of yours, Murren. Why don't you buy cut plug?"

"You're not compelled to smoke it," said the sporting editor without raising his head.

"I am when mine is out, and the other fellows keep their drawers locked."

Thompson dropped in on Mellish, the keeper of the swell gambling rooms, to consult with him on the article for Saturday's paper. Mellish took a great interest in it, and thought it would do good. He willingly gave Thompson several instances where the vice had led to the ruin of promising young men.

Thompson told Mellish about McCrasky. Mellish was much interested, and said he would like to meet the local editor. He thought the papers should take more interest in the suppression of gambling dens than they did, and for his part he said he would like to see them all stopped, his own included. "Of course," he added, "I could shut up my shop, but it would simply mean that some one else would open another, and I don't think any man ever ran such a place fairer than I do."

McCrasky called on the chief of police, and introduced himself as the local editor of the Argus.

"Oh," said the chief, "has Gorman gone, then?"

"I don't know about Gorman," said McCrasky; "the man I succeeded was Finnigan. I believe he is in Cincinnati now."

When the chief learned the purport of the local editor's visit he became very official and somewhat taciturn. He presumed that there were gambling houses in the city. If there were, they were very quiet and no complaints ever reached his ears. There were many things, he said, that it was impossible to suppress, and the result of attempted suppression was to drive the evil deeper down. He seemed to be in favor rather of regulating than of attempting the impossible; still, if McCrasky brought him undoubted evidence that a gambling house was in operation he would consider it his duty to make a raid on it.

Chance played into the hands of McCrasky and blew in on him a man who little recked what he was doing when he entered the local editor's room. Gus Hammerly, sport and man-about-town, dropped into the Argus office late one night to bring news of an "event" to the sporting editor. He knew his way about in the office and, finding Murren not in, he left the item on his table. Then he wandered into the local editor's room. The newspaper boys all liked Hammerly, and many a good item they got from him. They never gave him away, and he saw that they never got left, as the vernacular is.

"Good evening. You're the new local editor, I take it. I've just left a little item for Murren. I suppose he's not in from the wrestle yet. My name's Hammerly. All the boys know me and I've known in my time fourteen of your predecessors, so I may as well know you. You're from Pittsburgh, I hear."

"Yes. Sit down, Mr. Hammerly. Do you know Pittsburgh at all?"

"Oh, yes. Borden, who keeps the gambling den on X street, is an old friend of mine. Do you happen to know how old Borden's getting along?"

"Yes, his place was raided and closed up by the police."

"That's just the old man's luck. Same thing in Kansas City."

"By the way, Mr. Hammerly, do you know of any gambling places in this city?"

"Why, bless you, haven't the boys taken you round yet? Well, now, that's inhospitable. Mellish's is the best place in town. I'm going up there now. If you come along I'll give you the knock-down at the door and you'll have no trouble after that."

"I'll go with you," said McCrasky, reaching for his hat, and so the innocent Hammerly led the lamb into the lion's den.

McCrasky, unaccustomed to the sight, was somewhat bewildered with the rapidity of the play. There was a sort of semi-circular table, around the outside rim of which were sitting as many men as could be comfortably placed there. A man at the inside of the table handled the cards. He flicked out one to each player, face downward, with an expertness and speed that dazzled McCrasky. Next he dealt out one to each player face upward and put sums of money on the table beside their cards, after looking at them. There was another deal and so on, but the stranger found it impossible to understand or follow the game. He saw money being raked in and paid out rapidly and over the whole affair was a solemn decorum that he had not been prepared for. He had expected fierce oaths and the drawing of revolvers.

"Here, Mellish," said the innocent Hammerly, "let me introduce you to the new local editor of the Argus. I didn't catch your name," he said in a whisper.

"My name's McCrasky."

"Mr. McCrasky; Mr. Mellish. Mellish is proprietor here and you'll find him a first-rate fellow."

"I am pleased to meet you," said Mellish, quietly; "any friend of Hammerly's is welcome. Make yourself at home."

Edging away from the two, Mellish said in a quick whisper to Sotty, the bartender: "Go and tell the doorkeeper to warn Thompson, or any of the rest of the Argus boys, that their boss is in here."

At twelve o'clock that night the local editor sat in his room. "Is that you, Thompson?" he shouted as he heard a step.

"Yes, sir;" answered Thompson, coming in to the presence.

"Shut the door, Thompson. Now I have a big thing on for to-night, but it must be done quietly. I've unearthed a gambling den in full blast. It will be raided to-night at two o'clock. I want you to be on the ground with Murren; will you need anybody else?"

"Depends on how much you want to make of it."

"I want to make it the feature of tomorrow's paper. I think we three can manage, but bring some of the rest if you like. The place is run by a man named Mellish. Now, if you boys kept your eyes open you would know more of what is going on in your own city than you do."

"We haven't all had the advantage of metropolitan training," said Thompson, humbly.

"I will go there with the police. You and Murren had better be on the ground, but don't go too soon and don't make yourselves conspicuous or they might take alarm. Here is the address. You had better take it down."

"Oh! I'll find the place all—" Then Thompson thought a moment and pulled himself together. "Thanks," he said, carefully noting down the street and number.

The detachment of police drew up in front of the place a few minutes before two. The streets were deserted and so silent were the bluecoats that the footsteps of a belated wayfarer sounded sharply in the night air from the stone pavement of the distant avenue.

"Are you sure," said McCrasky to the man in charge of the police, "that there is not a private entrance somewhere?"

"Certainly, there is," was the impatient reply. "Sergt. McCollum and four men are stationed in the alley behind. We know our business, sir."

McCrasky thought this was a snub, and he was right. He looked around in the darkness for his reporters. He found them standing together in a doorway on the opposite side of the street.

"Been here long?" he whispered.

Murren was gloomy and did not answer. The religious editor removed his corncob and said briefly: "About ten minutes, sir." Thompson was gazing with interest at the dark block across the way.

"You've seen nobody come out?"

"Nobody. On the contrary, about half a dozen have gone up that stairway."

"Is that the place, sir?" asked Thompson, with a lamb-like innocence, of the criminal reporter.

"Yes, upstairs there."

"What did I tell you?" said the religious editor. "Thompson insisted it was next door."

"Come along," said McCrasky, "the police are moving at last."

A big bell in the neighborhood solemnly struck two slow strokes and all over the city the hour sounded in various degrees of tone and speed. A whistle rang out and was distinctly answered. The police moved quickly and quietly up the stairway.

"Have you tickets, gentlemen?" asked the man at the door, politely; "this is a private assembly."

"The police," said the sergeant, shortly, "stand aside."

If the police were astonished at the sight which met their gaze their faces did not show it. But McCrasky had not such control over his features and he looked dumfounded. The room was the same, undoubtedly, but there was not the vestige of a card to be seen. There were no tables, and even the bar had disappeared. The chairs were nicely arranged and most of them were occupied. At the further end of the room Pony Rowell stood on a platform or on a box or some elevation, and his pale, earnest face was lighted up with the enthusiasm of the public speaker. He was saying:

"On the purity of the ballot, gentlemen, depends the very life of the republic. That every man should be permitted, without interference or intimidation, to cast his vote, and that every vote so cast should be honestly counted, is, I take it, the desire of all who now listen to my words." (Great applause, during which Pony took a sip from a glass that may have contained water.)

The police had come in so quietly that no one, apparently, had noticed their entrance, except that good man Mellish, who hurried forward to welcome the intruders.

"Will you take a seat?" he asked. "We are having a little political talk from Mr. Rowell, sergeant."

"Rather an unusual hour, Mr. Mellish," said the sergeant, grimly.

"It is a little late," admitted Mellish, as if the idea had not occurred to him before.

The police who had come in by the back entrance appeared at the other end of the room and it was evident that Rowell's oration had come to an untimely end. Pony looked grieved and hurt, but said nothing.

"We will have to search the premises, Mr. Mellish," said the sergeant.

Mellish gave them every assistance, but nothing was found.

As the four men walked back together to the Argus office McCrasky was very indignant.

"We will expose the police to-morrow," he said. "They evidently gave Mellish the tip."

"I don't think so," said Thompson. "We will say nothing about it."

"You forget yourself, Mr. Thompson. It rests with me to say what shall go on the local page. Not with you."

"I don't forget myself," answered Thompson, sadly; "I've just remembered myself. The Argus appointed me local editor yesterday. Didn't they tell you about it? That's just like them. They forgot to mention the fact to Corbin that he had been superseded and the manager went off fishing after appointing Jonsey local editor, so that for a week we had two local editors, each one countermanding the orders of the other. It was an awful week. You remember it, Murren?" Murren's groan seemed to indicate that his recollection of the exciting time was not a pleasant memory.

"In case of doubt," murmured the religious editor, this time without removing his corncob, "obey the orders of the new man where the Argus is concerned. Thompson, old man, I'm wid you. When did the blow fall?"

"Yesterday afternoon," said Thompson, almost with a sob; "I'll be dismissed within a month, so I am rather sorry. I liked working on the Argus—as a reporter. I never looked for such ill luck as promotion. But we all have our troubles, haven't we, Mac?"

McCrasky did not answer. He is now, I believe, connected with some paper in Texas.—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

Fishing with Dynamite.

A remarkable story of a fishing adventure comes from Seattle, Wash. An amateur, tired of the ordinary slow method of catching fish, made a dynamite bomb, and, going to a promising place on the river, threw it into the water. Unfortunately for the success of his experiment, he was accompanied by a retriever dog, which immediately jumped into the water, and, seizing the explosive in his mouth, made for the shore. When he landed, the fisherman realized that his only safety was in flight, but even that nearly proved futile, as the trained animal made a bee line to deliver the trophy at his master's feet. He would have succeeded, too, but the bomb got in its deadly work just in time, and soon nothing but the vacant spot where the dog used to be and the breathless man were left to tell the tale.—Golden Days.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

An American Girl's Chat with the Late King Kalakaua.

A pretty young woman, who spends most of her time in following her husband around the world, he being the paymaster on one of the naval beauties belonging to Uncle Sam, tells us of an episode that took place in Honolulu during the reign of the late King Kalakaua, of which she was the heroine.

"Jim was very chummy with the king, as his majesty, having a decided penchant for poker, used to invite the officers of the American vessels when in port to come up to the palace and indulge in a little friendly game. I had never had the pleasure of being presented, however, and my husband's ship sailed away, leaving me to wait two weeks before my own steamer left for San Francisco. That is the pleasant part of being a naval officer's wife, as you never can tell what minute you may be left, and you are not allowed to go along, save as I do, to places where they are to be stationed some time, and where I can meet him before he is ordered off again.

"You may be sure I was lonely there in Honolulu, though I knew a lot of princes; almost everyone is a prince, you know, and I determined to meet the king if I had to walk straight up to the palace and introduce myself. I told one of the princes of my wishes and he agreed to present me the next day.

"When we arrived at the palace I felt rather shaky and wished I hadn't come, for I didn't know a thing about court etiquette, and there I was, almost in the presence of a real king, even though he wasn't very much of a one. When the prince bowed low to a stout man and mumbled over my name and country I courtesied profoundly, and then, whether it was from embarrassment or fright, I have never been able to tell which, I blurted out: 'Oh, your majesty, I really don't know what to do. You see, I've never been used to calling on kings, but if you tell me what is proper I'll do it.'

"He looked at me for a minute as though I were some new kind of animal and then in the kindest matter said: "Treat me just as though I were a gentleman of your own country calling on you instead of you upon me.' And I did! I asked him to be seated, made some remark about the beautiful weather, then we both laughed, and after that everything was as unconventional as though he and I had been friends for years. I stayed half an hour and next day one of the king's attendants brought me a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and when I sailed the king gave me his photograph, with his royal autograph on the back."—Chicago Times.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' SON.

How He Exercised Good Influence Over a Constantly Offending Blue Jacket.

When Prince George, duke of York, had the independent command of the Thrush, on the West Indian station, it fell to his lot, to have to convey, as prisoner, a young blue jacket belonging to another ship, who had been hitherto a constant offender and continually on the blacklist. The man came on board the Thrush merely as a prisoner for conveyance from one part of the station to another under sentence of punishment. From his demeanor, however, and by close observation of him, Prince George came to the conclusion that there were many seeds of good in the man and the making of a better career. When the term of punishment was fulfilled and the time came for him to rejoin his own ship Prince George determined to try and give him the chance of a new start in life. On arriving in port, after calling upon the man's captain, who naturally was only too glad to be rid of him, he went to the admiral and asked permission to transfer him to the Thrush. The admiral, astonished at the proposition, gave his consent.

Prince George went back to his own ship, had the man brought aft before him on the quarterdeck and spoke to him as probably he had never been spoken to before. He told him that he was henceforth transferred to the Thrush; that, as commanding officer, he put him in the first class for leave and gave him a clean sheet as regards his past offenses. "I do not ask you to make me any promise as to your future behavior. I trust to your honor and good feeling alone. But remember that, by the rules of the service, if you offend again in any way, or break your leave, I have no option, but am bound to put you straight back again to that class from which I now remove you. Your future is in your own hands. You have had no leave of absence for twelve months. Go ashore now with the other special leave men. Your pay has been stopped and no money is due you. Here is a sovereign. I trust to you not to misspend it. You know as well as I do what you may do and what you may not do. God help you to do the right and keep you from wrong."

The man was completely overcome. He, of course, answered nothing, but saluted and was then marched forward again. His officer's confidence was not misplaced. During the rest of the Thrush's commission he was never once an offender, but showed himself as active, willing and smart a hand as any in the ship, and after working hours he was the life of the forecastle. In the ship in which he has subsequently served he has maintained his good conduct and attained a petty officer's rating.—Young Man.

A Mystery Explained.

"I was at poor Jones' funeral yesterday. Mrs. Jones broke down completely, but what surprised me was old Miss Elderly's grief. She cried like a child. I don't understand why she should be so broken up. She hasn't any husband to lose."

"That's why she wept."—Texas Siftings.

The Villain Exposed.

Gazzam—There's a married man paying marked attention to Mrs. Bloobumper.

Mrs. Gazzam (shocked, but intensely interested)—You don't say so! Who is it?

Gazzam—Mr. Bloobumper.—Yankee Blade.

Victims of the Elements.

"We have had a stormy life," said the jester to the king, with easy familiarity.

"How so?"

"Yours has been reigny and mine windy."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"And the colonel shot him on sight?" "He did." "What was the trouble?" "Nothin'; jus' makin' a record."—Atlanta Constitution.

PITH AND POINT.

—If your dress was your next-door neighbor it couldn't talk about you more than it does.—Puck.

—A man has to be puffed up well before he can blow his own horn with proper vigor.—Texas Siftings.

—You can not afford to curse your friends' enemies, yet this is what some friends expect.—Galveston News.

—Her Father (weeping)—"She is my only daughter." Her Adorer—"Oh, that's all right. I only want one."—Herald.

—Lavinia—"Yes, James and I are to become partners for life." Mabel—"And you will be the senior partner. How sweet!"—Judy.

—"I'm afraid Bridget won't work here much longer." "Why?" he inquired in dismay. "She's getting too stout for my clothes."—Washington Star.

—A.—"As I am now told, you and Fanny are now married and happy." B.—"Yes; that is to say, she is happy and I am married."—Humoristische Blatter.

—Hawker—"So Mings has moved to Chicago, eh? Is he making it go there?" Dixby—"Making it go! I should smile. He's a motorman on a street car."—Troy Press.

—Foiled.—He—"Say, Kitty, shall we walk home slow, so dat I kin tell yez how much I like yez?" She—"Naw! Yez don't save no car-fare on me, cully. See?"—Judge.

—The great difficulty about politics is that it is utterly impossible for the appointments to make any kind of a numerical showing alongside of the disappointments.—Washington Star.

—The question of deportment is not an unimportant one. A man always looks better who carries himself well than when two or more friends are trying to carry him.—Philadelphia Times.

—A Rain-Maker.—Miss Beethoven—"They say that in Greenland it rains steadily for six months in the year. What do you think is the cause of it?" Papa—"Probably Wagner music is popular there."—Truth.

—What She Expected.—Mabel—"I don't like Harold Hitop; he's always trying to kiss me." Claire—"What do you expect him to do? Never try?" Mabel—"N-no, not exactly. But he might succeed once in awhile."

—The poor old dancing bear had been performing for the children, and when he was through Alice gave his owner a bright new ten-cent piece. "I hope you will get enough," said she, "to buy him some new furs. The ones he has on are awfully worn out."

—"We have at least succeeded in getting our winter wood sawed," announces the Plunkville Bugle. "The real buzz-saw dramatic outfit that showed here last week had a wood-sawing scene in the second act, and kindly used our wood in return for advertising."—Indianapolis Journal.

—When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, but we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him.—London Tit-Bits.

HE NEEDED A DOLLAR.

For Palmistry Did Not Avail Him, and His Seat On the Truck Did Fail Him.

With groaning brakes and a last rattlety-bang the long train came to a halt in the darkness of Colorado Junction. The door of the smoking car opened slowly, and a Weary Willy of a tramp slid in.

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon," he said, pulling from his head a hat of which little was left but the brim. The men at the poker table looked up. The tramp's coat was a disappointed frock of the shabby genteel cut. The short skirts had fringe on them, and the cloth was of the color known as "guess again." His beard was the only thing that he wore which didn't bear the misfit stamp.

"Gentlemen," he said again, slowly and with dignity, "once more I crave your pardon, but I am in need of a dollar."

"Well, what the—"

"No, gentlemen, I am not begging," interrupted the tramp. "I am a palmist in reduced circumstances. Would any gentleman permit me to read his palm? I have been riding on the truck thus far. I am afraid that the brakeman has discovered me, and I must make the next station. Did anyone offer me a dollar?"

Several flasks were handed to him, but no money. The train began to move, and the tramp slid out to settle himself on a truck once more.

Ten miles out of Colorado Junction, and in a desert, the train was brought to a sudden halt. There was a scuffle under the smoking car and the tramp was dragged out.

"Guess a ten-mile walk to-night 'll make you less careless about stealing rides on the trucks," said the conductor, as he swung on the train and signaled "Go ahead." We looked out of the smoking-car windows and pitied the tramp. Just as the train began to move his voice arose, saying: "Gentlemen, pardon, but can anyone tell me where I can find a real good hotel around here?"

"Nerviest dead beat on the line," said the brakeman, as he slammed the door.—N. Y. Sun.

At the Cooking Lecture.

Lady (soliloquizing)—Now that she has got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton.

Next Lady (overhears and remarks)—I have some infallible recipes.

First Lady (alert with pencil and note-book)—Will you please favor me?

Second Lady—Six Boys!—Demorest's Magazine.

Would Be a Failure.

"Do you find it very hard to get your husband through the telephone?" inquired Mrs. Boggs of her friend Mrs. Scraggs.

"I never tried it," answered Mrs. Scroggs, "he weighs two hundred."—Detroit Free Press.

A Settler.

Mr. Slowpay—Mrs. Hash, will you let me have a strainer? The coffee grains don't seem to settle.

Mrs. Hash—With pleasure. And I hope it will not only cause the coffee to settle but you, too.—Cloak Journal.

The Kind He Liked.

Mr. Trustiner—Don't you like to see a woman who is reserved?

Mr. Scornseeks—Yes. I like very much to see a woman who is reserved for some other man."—Judge.

TAX REFORM DEPARTMENT.

(This department aims to give everybody's ideas about taxation (not tariff). Write your opinions briefly, and they will be published or discussed in their turn by the editor or by a member of the Taxation Society. Address, "Taxation Society," this office or P. O. Box 88, Buffalo, N. Y.)

THE RIGHTS OF CAPITAL.

Monopoly, not Capital, the Real Enemy of the Farmers and Workers.

What is capital? As the term is ordinarily used, it is money. But money is only a small part of capital. The farm is capital. Live stock is capital. And these have rights and equal rights. Money has rights, if it is honestly earned. Among certain classes the right to accumulate is denied. Surplus, if held by the party producing it, is regarded as evidence of treason to the race. Fortunately but comparatively few hold to this indefensible doctrine. If the farmer grows a hundred bushels of potatoes more than he needs for his own consumption he has the right to compensation for those potatoes, if anybody else wants them; for they are the products of his own labor. If he sells them and receives money for them, that money stands in place of the potatoes, and if anybody wants the money the possessor has the right to charge a reasonable sum for its use. The claim made by some that capital produces nothing and is not entitled to a share of the products of an industry in which it is employed is the sheerest rot. If that doctrine were recognized in practice, the man who had no potatoes to plant in the spring would have the right to demand potatoes of his neighbor, whose labor had produced potatoes. But if a man would have no right thus to demand the free use of his neighbor's surplus potatoes, what right has he to demand the free use of money for which the potatoes have been sold?

It is detrimental to reform to deny the right of capital. It is not the legitimate right of capital that is giving us trouble. It is the abuse of that right that gives us concern. Men are possessed of capital and large amounts of capital who never had any potatoes or anything else to sell. They simply robbed other people of it. Honestly earned capital, when employed in business in which wage workers or other producers are engaged, is a representative of labor and deserves an equitable share of the fruits of the enterprise.—The Farmer's Voice, Chicago.

Can a Tax on Rent Be Evaded?

"Can not landlords increase their rent, if it is taxed, so as to make the laborers still pay the taxes over again?" No. Landlords now collect all the rent which it is possible for them to get. If all of it were taken away by taxation, they could not collect a second time. Suppose the average laborer, earning $500 a year (which is a large allowance) pays $100 for ground rent. Suppose the state takes all of this from the landlord, and he then demands another $100 from the tenant and gets it. The state then takes $200 from the landlord, and he demands $400 from the tenant, and suppose—which is impossible—he gets it. Still the state takes the $400 from the landlord; and he demands $800 from the tenant. He demands $800 from the tenant, whose whole income is only $500. How can he make the tenant pay it? The tenant would be dead long before this point was reached; and all other tenants, being subject to the same extortion, would be dead also. So far from landlords being enabled to increase rent, in consequence of a heavy tax on rent, they would become more eager competitors for tenants, because they could not afford to keep any land out of use.

The landlord has no means of shifting it [the tax on land value]. For if the tax were to be suddenly abolished he would nevertheless be able to extort the same rent, since the ground rent is fixed solely by the demand of the occupiers. The tax is simply a diminutive of his profits.—Prof. E. R. A. Seligman.

If the "gentleman" actually pays the tax [on the rent of land] out of his pocket he certainly feels its burden. But "this influences not at all the yearly rent of the land, which the rack-renter or under-tenant pays, it being the same thing to him, whether he pays all the rent to the king or to the landlord." For the "tenants'" bargain and profit are the same, whether the land be charged or not charged, with an annuity payable to another man. The landowner, in other words, can not shift a land tax.—John Locke, in "Collected Works."

If land be taxed according to its pure rent, virtually all writers since Ricardo are agreed that the tax will fall wholly on the land-owner, and that it can not be shifted to any other class, whether tenant, farmer or consumer. This point is so universally accepted as to require no further discussion.—"Shifting and Incidents of Taxation," p. 90. Pub. 1892 by Johns Hopkins Press.

The Modest Claim of the "Single Tax" Advocates.

Single tax means the abolition of all taxes upon industry and the products of industry, and the taking, by taxation upon land values irrespective of improvements, of the annual rental value of all those various forms of natural opportunities embraced under the general term, land. To tax labor or its products is to discourage industry. To tax land values to their full amount will render it impossible for any man to exact from others a price for the privilege of using those bounties of nature in which all living men have an equal right of use. It will compel every individual controlling natural opportunities to either utilize them by the employment of labor or abandon them to others. It will thus provide opportunities of work for all men and secure to each the full reward of his labor; and as a result involuntary poverty will be abolished, and the greed, intemperance and vice that spring from poverty and the dread of poverty will be swept away.

Is This So?

The distinction between the building tax and the ground tax, is unimportant in the case of farmers, because in America, at all events, the tenant is almost in all cases the owner, and because the value of the farmer's buildings is generally of minor importance when compared to the value of his land.—Prof. E. R. A. Seligman.

A RECENT inquiry conducted in Pennsylvania shows the value of its personalty to be about one-fifth of the value of its buildings, not counting the value of the land.

OBJECTS TO AN INCOME TAX

A Western Paper Freely Expresses Its Opinion of Inquisitorial Systems.

The Daily News has regretted that any member of the Minnesota legislature has thought it necessary and wise to propose an income tax bill, but such a measure is now pending and under discussion, and is to be disposed of.

The News is of the opinion that the bill proposed ought not to pass, and for one reason why an income tax is an important measure it agrees with the Omaha World-Herald that to make an income tax "absolutely fair it should reach far down in the scale and touch the man of small income as well as the man of large income." But no income tax has ever done this. There is no great amount of trouble in getting into the poor man's pocket, but experience shows with this sort of a tax that it is the millionaire who escapes his just proportion, while the man of small means pays in full. The owner of millions generally contrives to figure up millions enough more of indebtedness to offset a big share of his income, while the frugal citizen whose net profits are low in the thousands is ordinarily out of debt or not in a position to avail himself of this convenient resource.

A contemporary discussing the subject, says: "The motive for advocating an income tax in the United States is mostly a malicious one. It is a desire to expose and injure the owners of capital and the employers of labor. It is akin to the feelings which animates the movements of a copperhead snake, which aims but to destroy. There is no necessity for any such tax in this country, and there never has been a good reason advanced for imposing it, except as a war measure.—St. Paul News.

Manufacturers and Mechanics.

Read a leading trade paper's views on taxation.

A joint committee of the senate and assembly, appointed to consider the question of state taxation, have made some recommendations that are of special interest to manufacturers and mechanics. What seems one of the most important parts of their report is that which favors local option in matters of taxation for state purposes. That is to say, the people of a certain county of the state, having a certain amount of money to raise and pay to the state as their share of the expense of maintaining the state government, shall be allowed to raise this money in any way which seems to them to be best.

Those counties which prefer vacant lots and unimproved ground to manufactories and dwelling-houses of workingmen can go on trying to tax these latter out of existence, while they allow the speculator in lots, the obstructionist whose only effort is to increase the price that men must pay for the privilege of working and doing business, to practically escape taxation on the absurd plea that his property is unproductive, as though men should be encouraged in making land or city lots unproductive, while those who use them in the production of something useful, whether corn, wheat or machinery, should bear the full burden of taxation.

Bills have been introduced in several states intended to give the people of counties and of cities full power to settle these matters for themselves in regard to all except state taxes, and the discussion of economic questions, which would be caused by the passage of such a law, could hardly fail to be beneficial. Manufacturers and mechanics are necessarily interested in these questions, it being pretty certain that whatever changes in the method of levying taxes may be made that will be of benefit to the manufacturer will be beneficial also to all others who are doing anything to earn an honest living.

Real Estate Interests Favor Repeal of the Personal Tax Law.

President Wilson, of the board of assessors, is right. The personal tax law should be repealed. It never has been enforced; it never can be enforced; it would be hard upon our commercial interests in case it could be enforced. We do not want tax assessors meddling with the books of our business men or putting a heavy tax upon their consciences. But President Wilson is wrong in suggesting that we need an income tax to take the place of the tax on personal property. All the money needed for the general fund of the state can be raised without any recourse to such an elaborate and in some respects objectionable tax as that upon incomes. The legislative committee on taxation which recently made its report took much wiser ground. In its opinion state taxation upon real estate should be abolished, and the income of the state raised by corporation, succession, collateral inheritance, taxes on the like. Then the local authorities should be permitted to levy their taxes in any way they pleased. Circumstances are all tending towards this solution of the problem.—Real Estate Review and Record, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the Interest of Higher Civilization.

The meeting to secure personal property from taxation, which was held on Wednesday night in the directors' room of the art association building, is reported to-day. Its proceedings were interesting, for the addresses and letters were instructive and suggestive. The serious endeavor of those who know what tax laws ought to be to teach those who do not have such knowledge is entitled to the respect which every educational movement deserves. It is an endeavor in the interest of justice, civilization, morals and rational government. The teachers are statesmen and reformers. They have to find their pupils, or they certainly find their opponents, among the "practical politicians" and the demagogical newspapers.

There is no mystery or difficulty in settling what taxation should be. The science is as exact as mathematics. The difficulty comes when the persons intrusted with the legislative and administrative duties pertaining to it are concerned. Most of them do not know the right. Most of the few who do know it are afraid to avow it or to stand by it, lest they be not renominated or reappointed.—Brooklyn Eagle, January 18.

MAKE a man swear to his taxable property—to be sure that won't make him pay up in this world, but it will make him pay up in the next.

WHAT does the farmer get for his general taxes anyhow? Can't somebody answer?